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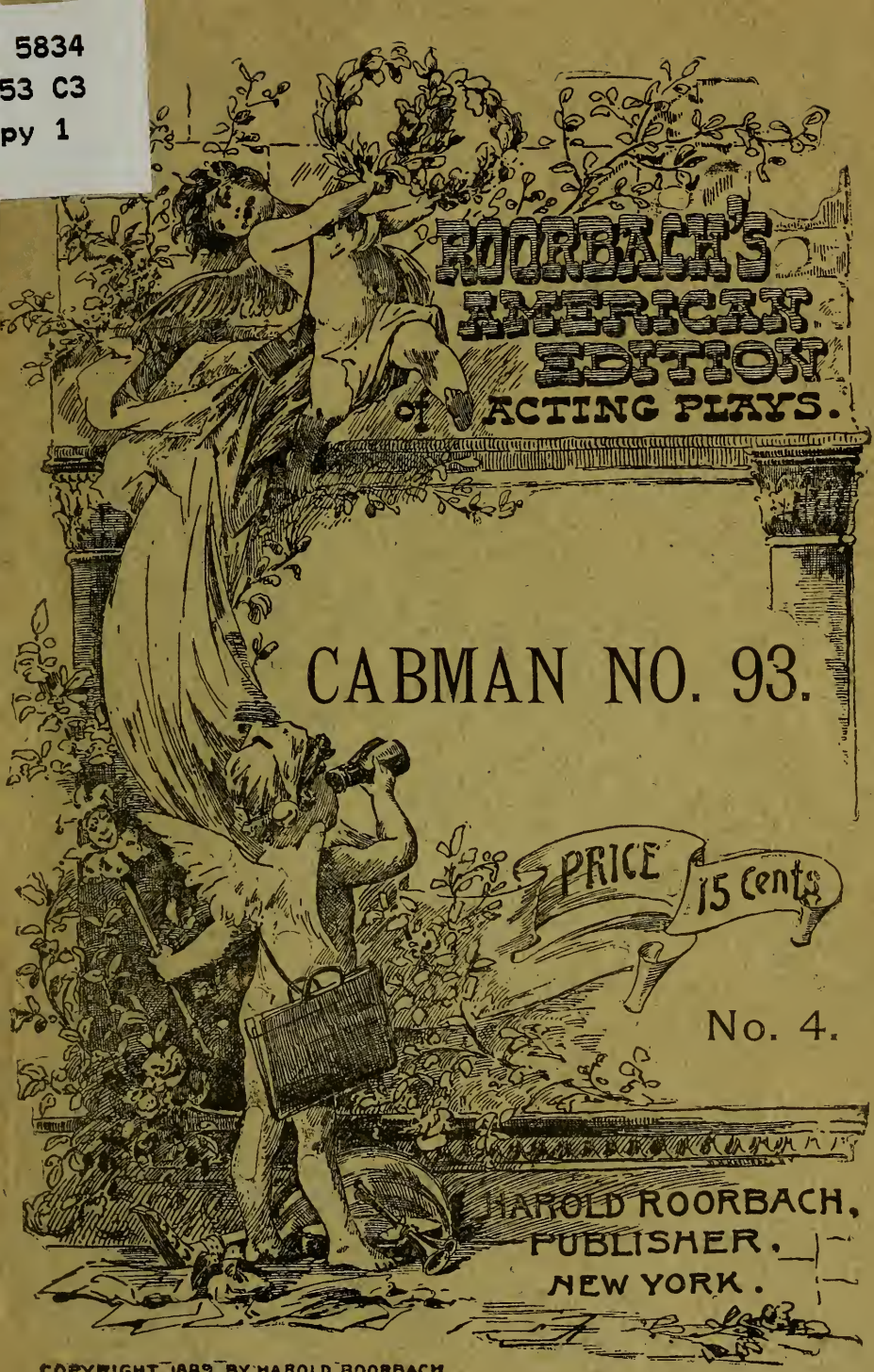

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HAROLD ROORBACH, Publisher, 9 Murray St., New York.

CABMAN NO. 93

OR

FOUND IN A FOUR WHEELER

A FARCE IN ONE ACT

BY

THOMAS J. WILLIAMS

NEW AMERICAN EDITION, CORRECTLY REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL AUTHORIZED ACTING EDITION, WITH THE ORIGINAL CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS, TIME OF REPRESENTATION, DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES, SCENE AND PROPERTY PLOTS, DIAGRAM OF THE STAGE SETTING, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS, EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS, ETC., AND ALL OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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CABMAN NUMBER 93.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	New Royalty Theatre, April 24th, 1866.	*Lyceum Theatre, Dec. 20th, 1867.*
MR. UDOLPHO HOLLOWAY (*a retired Stockbroker, a lover of the "mysterious" and "sensational"— eccentric character part*)....	Mr. Fred Hughes.	Mr. Henry Thompson.
JOE CAPSIZE (*alias "No. 93," driver of a Four-Wheeler—1st low comedy*)	Mr. J. Robins.	Mr. John Nelson.
CLARA (*Holloway's Wife*)..	Miss Nellie Burton.	Miss Nelly Burton.
MILLY MEDDLESOME (*their Servant*).....	Miss Annie Bourke.	Miss Minnie Sydney.

TIME OF PLAYING—FORTY MINUTES.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

MR. UDOLPHO HOLLOWAY, who has retired from business, is a victim of the green-eyed monster and addicted to romances. In rummaging through his wife's purse to see how much change she had left, he discovers a cabman's ticket and memorandum of six shillings charge for three hours' cab-hire. His suspicions being aroused, he resolves to seek the cabman and learn what MRS. H. had been doing during these three hours, leaving word with the maid that he probably wont be home till morning. In the course of his absence, JOE CAPSIZE, the cabman, enters, asks for a little private conversation with MRS. HOLLOWAY, and returns to her a handsome red smoking cap that she had left in his cab the day before. At this moment HOLLOWAY returns, having forgotten his latch-key, and, seeing his wife in earnest confabulation with the identical cabman, No. 93, and noting, further, the red smoking cap, conceals himself behind the curtains, in the expectation that some fearful revelation is

at hand, and is rendered furious at the sight of his wife rewarding the cabman to return the cap to its owner—"a certain gent in a fuzzy coat" —who had been in the cab with MRS. HOLLOWAY on the preceding day. It now occurs to MR. HOLLOWAY to "hook on behind" as the cab is driven to its destination, and so discover the owner of the red cap. He carries the idea into execution, but returns almost immediately in an extremely damaged condition, having been whipped off into the mud. CAPSIZE now returns with a letter for MRS. HOLLOWAY from the mysterious unknown, but is intercepted by HOLLOWAY who recognizes him and bribes him to disclose MRS. HOLLOWAY'S whereabouts on the previous day—a disclosure that throws him into a convulsive frenzy. While he has temporarily retired, cabby delivers the letter to MRS. HOLLOWAY who reads it aloud, orders the cab to drive her with all possible speed to "the ornamental villa," her destination of the day before, and retires to prepare for the journey. HOLLOWAY, who has overheard all, rushes in wildly, orders the cabman to exchange garments with him, and announces his intention, thus disguised, of personating CAPSIZE and himself driving his wife to the appointed spot, to wreak his vengeance upon the usurper, commanding the cabman to remain and make himself comfortable, meanwhile. MRS. HOLLOWAY now departs leaving CAPSIZE to frighten the maid nearly out of her wits, but soon returns, the cab having been upset in the street, and MR. HOLLOWAY hurried off to the lock-up for furious driving. After some parley, MRS. HOLLOWAY learns what her spouse has been about, writes a few lines to him, which the cabman is directed to deliver, and starts off for her uncle's. HOLLOWAY now rushes in, in terrific excitement, exclaiming that having been let out on bail, he had driven frantically to the ornamental villa and found there the identical red smoking cap and a letter directed to his wife which he reads. CAPSIZE then gives him MRS. HOLLOWAY'S note in which, after announcing that all is over between them and she has left him forever, on account of his unjust suspicions, she explains that her Uncle Tompkins, having returned from India with a large fortune, had purchased and furnished an ornamental villa as an agreeable surprise for him. It now dawns upon HOLLOWAY that the "certain gent in a fuzzy coat" and Uncle Tomkins are one and the same person, and while bewailing his own stupidity, he vents his rage and mortification upon the officious cabman. MRS, HOLLOWAY now re-enters, having found the garden gate locked; and having been an unseen spectator of her lord's repentance, forgives him, confirming his conjecture about Uncle Tomkins. HOLLOWAY acknowledges the error of his ways, promises to reform and abandon romances, while things wind up with a general reconciliation, and certain amatory professions and a bid for patronage on the part of CABMAN NO. 93.

COSTUMES.

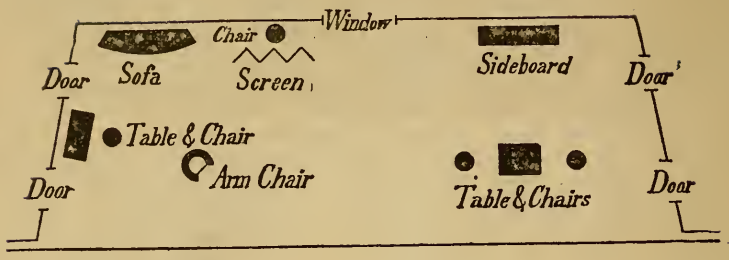
HOLLOWAY.—Fierce and exaggerated make up. Tremendous beard, whiskers, etc., frock coat, buttoned across, drab trousers, etc.

CAPSIZE.—Extra smart cabby make up. Loose great coat, with several capes, red neckerchief, light brown trousers, wide-awake hat, Wellingtons, whip, badge, etc.

CLARA.—Fashionable morning toilet. Bonnet, shawl, gloves, etc.

MILLY.—Very smart housemaid's dress. Cap, apron, etc.

STAGE SETTING.



SCENE.—Fancy chamber set in 2 G. L. 1 E., door to street. L. 2 E., door opening upon garden. R. 1 E., door to MR. HOLLOWAY'S room. R. 2 E., door opening to the rest of the house. Window (double) C. in flat, with large curtains. Chair and small writing table with writing materials, R. Table, L., with breakfast laid, and chairs R. and L. of it. Arm chair R. C. Large screen, with chair behind it, R. of window. Sofa near screen. Sideboard up L., bearing decanters (filled), glasses, etc.

PROPERTIES.

Furniture and appointments as per scene-plot. Curtains at window. Writing materials on table, R. Breakfast and service on table, L. Bell, decanters (filled), glasses, etc., hat and cane on sideboard. Door-bell off L. 1 E. Light-blue smoking jacket, and coffee-pot, etc., on small tray, off R. 1 E. Purse containing money, ticket, watch and letter for HOLLOWAY. Red smoking cap and sealed letter for cabman. Money in purse for MRS. HOLLOWAY,

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The player is supposed to face the audience. R. means right; L., left; C., center; R. C., right of center; L. C., left of center; 1 E., first entrance; 2 E., second entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G., first, second or third grooves. UP STAGE, toward the back; DOWN STAGE, toward the footlights.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

NOTE.—The text of this play is correctly reprinted from the original authorized acting edition, without change. The introductory matter has been carefully prepared by an expert, and is the only part of this book protected by copyright.

CABMAN NUMBER 93;

OR,

FOUND IN A FOUR-WHEELER.

Scene.—*An elegantly furnished Apartment on the ground floor of Mr. Holloway's suburban residence.*

Enter MR. UDOLPHO HOLLOWAY *from bedroom*, R.—*fierce and exaggerated make up—hair rather long—mysterious manner.—N. B.—He speaks throughout in melodramatic and exaggerated tones.*

Holloway. (*glancing at breakfast table*) Aha! breakfast, I see. Breakfast, indeed! (*with a derisive laugh*) ha! ha! I don't want any breakfast: figuratively speaking I've *had* my breakfast. (*mysteriously*) Profiting by the continuance of my wife's slumbers, I thought I would just open her portmonnaie and pocket book to see how much small change she had got left out of the ten pound note I gave her yesterday. (*impressively*) What should I see among yesterday's expenses but the following startling entry:—"Three hours' cab, at two shillings per hour, six shillings." Now, what could my wife want with three hours' cab? When I left home yesterday morning, she never told me she was going out. Hum! Suspicious! very suspicious! extremely suspicious! My olfactory nerves begin to be sensible of the presence of a rat. For some reason or other my wife had taken the driver's number. (*producing cabman's ticket*) Here it is—93. There's something up; I'm sure of it. (*doubtfully*) Shall I question my wife? No; women are so deceitful—besides, they *never* do it in the novels. I have it! I'll instantly seek out 93, and inquire what Mrs. Clara Holloway was doing for three entire hours in a four-wheeler. I am naturally impetuous!

impassionate ! impulsive ! and I can stand this uncertainty no longer. Aha ! Mrs. Clara Holoway, you little think I'm aware of your clandestine pilgrimage in a mysterious vehicle. (*rings bell*) This little piece of pasteboard (*looking at ticket*) may be the clue to some harrowing discovery !

Enter MILLY MEDDLESOME, L. 1 E.

Milly. Did you ring, sir ?

Hollow. Tell your mistress when she wakes, I'm gone out for the day.

Milly. But please, sir, you ain't had never no breakfast.

Hollow. I know I haven't. (*irritably*) I'm not obliged to have breakfast unless I please, am I ?

Milly. In course not, sir. (*slily*) I knows where you're agoing, sir.

Hollow. (*starting*) Eh ! what ?

Milly. You're agoing to look for lodgings up in town, to please missus and me.

Hollow. (*surprised*) That's your *private* opinion, is it ?

Milly. (*continuing lackadaisically*) Missus and I, we're reg'lar tired o' living in these here lonesome premises. It's that dull and dissoloot it's enough to make one do somethink desprit, just for a little wariety, (*conceitedly*) Missus and I we wants a semi-detached willa with a cheerful haspect.

Hollow. You do, do you. (*aside, angrily*) I'll cheerfully take the very earliest opportunity of detaching *you* altogether. (*taking hat and stick from sideboard—going*) Tell your mistress I shan't be home to dinner, and in all probability won't be home till morning !

Milly. (*repeating mechanically*) "Won't go home till morning." All right, sir. I'll open the street door for you.

Hollow. (*abruptly*) No, you won't. I'm going out through the back-garden gate ! (*ring heard in* CLARA'S *room*, L.)

Milly. Ah ! there's missus a-ringing.

Hollow. (*aside, hurriedly*) Aha ! my wife. Then, by Jove, I haven't a moment to spare. Now, then, for number 93 ! (*looking at door with a hollow laugh*) Ha ! ha ! Mrs. Clara Holloway ! you'll find that Udolpho ditto can see farther through a brick wall than you imagine. (*laughs wildly*) Ha ! ha ! **Exit** L. 2 E.

Milly. (*looking after* HOLLOWAY) Master's very mysterious again this morning. Since he gave up stock-broking he has done nothing but shut hisself up and read sensation novels, as he calls them, till at last he seems to think hisself a hinteresting houtlaw, or a hintriguing conspirator at the very least ! If *I* was missus *I'd* take the nonsense out of him !

Enter CLARA, R. 2 E.

Clara. (*looking round*) I thought I heard my husband's voice.

Milly. He's just gone out for the day, mum.

Clara. (*surprised*) Gone out for the day !

Milly. And ain't touched a hindiwidual mossel o' breakfast. Please, mum, he told me to say as how he wasn't coming home till morning.

Clara. (*vexed*) Pretty behavior, indeed ! For the last three days he has been so absorbed with his wretched romances that he has scarcely uttered a single word, and now I'm to be left alone for the entire day. (*animatedly*) But there's some mystery in all this ! My husband has no business to attend to. He must have private reasons for absenting himself in this mysterious manner. (*walking angrily to and fro*) But I'll not endure it any longer !

Milly. (*walking to and fro in imitation of her mistress*) No more won't I, mum.

Clara. (*ditto*) I'll have a separation !

Milly. (*ditto*) So will I, mum ! (*ring at street-door heard*, L.) Lawks ! there's the street door bell ! (*running to window and looking out*) Oh, mum, it's a four-wheel cab, I'll run and open the door. **Exit**, L. 1 E.

Clara. (*surprised*) A cab ! Who can *this* be, I wonder ; it's rather early for a visit !

Re-enter MILLY, L. 1 E.

Milly. (*disappointed*) Please, mum, it's only a cabman as wants to speak to you very partikler.

Clara. (*surprised*) A cabman ! well, tell him to come in.

Milly. (*approaching door disdainfully*) Come in ! wipe your feet on the mat ! (*aside*) What can he have to say to missus !

Enter CAPSIZE, L. 1 E. ; *he is got up in extra smart cabby style —coat with several capes, badge, Wellington boots outside trowsers, wide awake hat—in his hand he carries a whip—speaks thoughout in the very extremity of "cockneyism."*

Cap. (*as he enters, speaking off*) Wo, ho ! Bobby, keep still Bobby ! I've got my heye on yer, Bobby.

Milly. (*surprised*) Bobby ! who's Bobby ?

Cap. Bobby's the name o' my 'oss, young woman ; p'raps you'd hardly think it to look at him, but that 'oss vunce vun a cup—but ve can't always be young and good lookin'. I hopes to be old myself some o' these days ! (*perceiving* CLARA, *and making a grotesque bow*) Mornin', m'am, I wants a little private conversation with you, you know, m'am, (*pointing significantly to* MILLY) Ain't the young woman got no dishes to wash up ?

Clara. (*aside—surprised*) What can he have to say ? (*aloud*) Milly, you needn't wait !

Milly. (*aside—offended*) Dishes to wash up, indeed ! to be

ordered out o' the room for a trumpery cabman—it's hignominious, that it is! **Exit**, *with a flounce*, R. 2 E.

Cap. (*approaching* CLARA *mysteriously*) Well, you see, mum, it's just this here! (*producing from his pocket a very handsome red smoking cap, with gold tassel, &c.*) You twigs this fancy harticle?

Clara. (*surprised—aside*) The smoking cap I've been so long working in secret for *him*; he must have left it in the cab yesterday!

Re-enter *suddenly*, L. 2 E.—HOLLOWAY.

Hollow. (*aside*) I forgot my latch-key. Holloa! a cabman in earnest confabulation with my wife—there's something up! (*hastily conceals himself behind window curtains, ever and anon popping out his head with exaggerated gestures.*)

Cap. (*to* CLARA—*continuing*) You vos right to send away that 'ere maid servant; them young gals is so plaguy chirpy, vy, magpies is a fool to 'em! (*significantly*) And ven you don't want matters talked about, you know——

Clara. (*aside*) What does the man mean?

Cap. (*continuing*) But it's all right. You needn't be afeerd o' Joe Capsize, four-wheeler, number 93.

Hollow. (*looking out from behind curtains—aside*) Number 93! The very man!

Cap. (*continuing significantly*) Mum's my maxim, and a drop o' the right sort's my sentiments.

Clara. (*puzzled*) My good man, I really do not understand you.

Cap. (*bantering*) Come, that's raythe*r too* good. Why, surely you ain't forgot the three hour's drive you had in my vehicle yesterday. (*knowingly*) Vot if I alludes to a certain gent in a fuzzy great coat—all pig's hair and frog's wool!

Hollow. (*starting—aside*) Pig's hair and frog's wool! This is very horrible!

Clara. (*rather impatiently*) Well, my good man, what of it?

Cap. Well, you see, mum, just this here—ven I gets back to stables yesterday, vot should I find in my four-wheeler but this here wallyble smoking cap! (*holding up cap*)

Hollow. (*aside, watching*) A smoking cap! (*tragically*) Some fearful revelation is at hand!

Cap. (*continuing*) I ought to ha' taken it to the 'ackney coach office, I know; but, says I to myself, if I declares the harticle, it might get hadwertised or summut, and the 'usband would learn all about it, which, I knows, you don't want, 'cos I heerd you say so to the gen'leman.

Hollow. (*aside—peeping from behind curtains*) My very whiskers are bristling with indignation!

Cap. (*continuing*) Well, you know, I'm all for the *ladies*—I am. I aint the sort o' chap to get one o' the fair sex into trouble, 'specially when she's taken my number and promised to be a customer.

Clara. (*aside*) It really is very thoughtful of the poor fellow.

Cap.(*continuing*) So, says I to myself, I'll take the harticle back to the good lady; she'll be sure to stand summut. So here you has it, mum. (*presenting cap to* CLARA) I'm only a cabby, but I knows how to do the right thing in a decentish sort of a way.

Hollow. (*looking from behind curtains—aside, shaking his fist*) I'll do the *right thing* in a *decentish* sort of a way presently!

Clara. (*who has meanwhile taken cap—producing purse*) Here my good fellow, here's half a sovereign for you.

Hollow. (*aside, furious*) Half a sovereign! *my* money too!

Clara. But stay. (*aside*) Innocent as it is, I cannot retain such a suspicious looking appendage here. (*aloud to* CAPSIZE) You had better take it at once to the gentleman himself.

Cap. Him in the fuzzy coat! (*pleased*) All right, marm, I remembers the address. (*aside*) He'll stand summut too, I dessay. This is better nor sixpence a mile this is! (*aloud, taking cap from* CLARA) Here's wishin' you a werry good mornin', m'am. (*aside, going*) I'll have a nip o' summut inwigoratin' round the corner, just to congrattylate myself. (*at door going, speaking off*) Come along, Bobby, my boy, we've started in the right direction this mornin', come along.

Exit, L, 1 E.—CLARA *walks to window and looks out.*

Hollow. (*slipping from behind curtains unseen by* CLARA—*aside, melodramatically*) Aha! a bright idea! I'll dexterously get up behind the four-wheeler, and so accompany 93 to his destination. (*wildly*) Magnificent! sublime! sensational! ha! ha! I'll get up behind! **Exit** *stealthily on tip-toe*, L. 1 E.

Clara. (*coming down from window*) How very lucky my husband was out when that cabman called, though if the visit *had* aroused his suspicions it would only have served him right, for leaving me all alone in this dreary seclusion; (*significantly*) however, there's something going on which may lead to his removing sooner than he thinks for.

Enter MILLY *from* R. 2 E.

Milly. (*aside*) Oh! what a splendid invention was keyholes! I've heer'd every word as passed between missus and that there cabby! Well, I never! who'd a thought o' missus, as always seemed so precise and partikler, agoing about with strange gents in four wheelers unbeknown to her lawful hus-

band! I declare there ain't no trusting nobody now-a-days! (*violent ring at street door bell is heard,* L.—*aside, angrily*) There goes that dratted bell again. (*runs off—another ring*)

Clara. (*rising, surprised*) Now, who can *this* be, I wonder?

Re-enter MILLY, *running,* L. 1 E.

Milly. (*in terrific excitement*) Oh, mum! oh, mum! here's master come home in such a horful state! He must have had a downer in the mud, or tumbled into a pond, or summut!

Re-enter HOLLOWAY *in an extremely damaged condition; his hat is bulged in, his neckerchief untied, his clothes are covered with mud, trousers tucked up, &c.*

Clara. (*astounded—half screaming*) A—a—a—h! My husband returned in this disgraceful plight!

Hollow. (*irritably*) Plight, madam! what do you mean by plight? I suppose, if I like to come home a little splashed, I may suit my own inclinations!

Clara. (*surprised*) Splashed, indeed! why, you're smothered in mud! Milly, fetch your master's blue velvet jacket—quick!

Milly. Velvet jacket! all right, mum! (*going*) He looks for all the vorld as if he had been for a airin' in a scavenger's cart!

Exit *into Holloway's room.* R. 1 E.

Clara (*to* HOLLOWAY *in surprise*) Mr. Holloway—however came you in this disgraceful condition?

Hollow. (*confused—stammering*) I—I—I—was caught in an awful storm—a—a—a—there's a *terrific* storm just round the corner!

Clara. You should have taken a cab!

Hollow. I—I—*did* take a cab! (*grinding his teeth—aside*) But it let me go again!

Re-enter MILLY, R. 1 E., *with light blue velvet jacket.*

Milly. Here you are, sir!

Hollow. (*snatching dressing-gown from* MILLY—*aside*) She's in the plot likewise, I suppose. (*takes off bespattered coat*) Deceitful hussy!

Milly. (*taking coat from him*) Oh, ain't he in a temper this morning. **Exit,** R. 1 E.

Clara. (*to* HOLLOWAY, *impatiently*) But after all, where have you *been*, my love?

Hollow. Been! (*evasively*) A—a—I've been looking for lodgings—a—a—the one I found didn't exactly *suit!* (*aside*) It was in the middle of the road, on a heap of flint stones. (*tragically*) And yet there are people who deny that truth is stranger than fiction!

Clara. (*significantly*) Now, my dear Udolpho, don't you trouble yourself to look for lodgings any more.

Hollow. And why not, madam ? I suppose I may look for lodgings if I choose ! (*irritably*) I'm *old* enough, ain't I ?

Clara. (*significantly*) We'll resume the subject some other time, but come now, don't stand shivering there, slip on your jacket ! Why, dear me, (*suddenly remembering*) You haven't had any breakfast yet. I'll run and tell Milly to bring you up something hot. **Exit,** R.

Hollow. (*bitterly*) Something *hot!* I've had it pretty *hot* already this morning ! (*alone—slipping on jacket, and wrapping it furiously round him*) I jumped up behind the four-wheeler, safe enough, but no sooner was I there than a pack of urchins set up shouting, "whip behind ! " by George ! (*rubbing his fingers*) the fellow *did* whip behind ! I was obliged to leave go —down I went into a large puddle, and away went the four-wheeler without me, but—(*tragically*)—the plot is thickening ! I can't stand this uncertainty any longer, if I don't discover the clue to this fearful mystery in five minutes, I shall burst, pop, explode ! ! ! (*throws himself violently upon sofa, and kicks about in a positive frenzy*)

At this moment CAPSIZE *appears at door,* L. 1 E., *with a letter in his hand.*

Cap. (*surprised—looking at* HOLLOWAY) Holloa ! vy, there's a genl'man in fits on the sofy ! Beg pardon, your honor——

Hollow. (*springing off sofa with a violent start and rushing towards* CAPSIZE, *who retreats in alarm*) As I live, there he is again ! (*wildly*) Ha ! ha ! Fate a second time throws him within my grasp !

Cap. (*alarmed*) I makes bold to ax vereabouts is the good lady !

Hollow. Never mind the good lady ! (*in a hoarse whisper*) Hush ! you're number 93 !

Cap. Joe Capsize, halias number 93—number 93, halias Joe Capsize—it's all vun ! (*facetiously*) Some calls me my name, others calls me my number.

Hollow. (*in a hollow voice—seizing* CAPSIZE *by arm*) Was it you who just now *whipped me down behind?*

Cap. (*alarmed—retreating*) Why, you don't mean to say it was your honor ?

Hollow. (*with increased ferocity, following up* CAPSIZE) Say ! was it you who *whipped me down behind?*

Cap. (*alarmed—stammering*) Well, I—I'm raythor afeard it vos.

Hollow. (*giving money*) Then take this half-sovereign !

Cap. (*utterly astounded—aside*) Ten bob for vhipping a chap down behind ! Vy, vot would he guv if I'd run over him ?

Hollow. (*with bombastic mystery*) Hush! my wife engaged you yesterday by the hour?

Cap. (*in increasing alarm*) Your vife! Vy, you don't mean to say you're old *vot's his name?*

Hollow. (*with increasing mystery*) Yes, I *am* old what's his name! (*pathetically*) Speak! Tell me, gentle cabman, where thou took'st her!

Cap. (*aside—bewildered*) "Vere-I-took'st her!" Vy, he's a-speaking furrin' langvidges!

Hollow. (*continuing, with melodramatic exaggeration*) Say, where didst lead my faithless spouse? Speak, cabman; I'll pay thee for every word thou utterest, wert thou to talk the live long day!

Cap. (*hastily, putting down whip*) Then you'd better take me by the hour. (*aside*) Well, this *is* a stroke o' luck. I've got hold o' the *husband* now. Von't I make him stump up afore I've done with him! (*turning to* HOLLOWAY *mysteriously*) Vell, yer honor, I don't wish to dishearten you, but things looks werry queer——

Hollow. (*starting*) You don't mean that!

Cap. It's lucky for you I was mixed up in this here matter. I'm all for the *husbands*—I am. Mum's the word's my maxim, and a drop o' the right sort's my sentiments. (*holding out his hand significantly*)

Hollow. (*impatiently*) Go on, go on!

Cap. Afore I begins, I shouldn't mind summut by way of deposit like. The rest I leaves to your honor's generosity.

Hollow. Aha! I see. (*giving money*) There's five shillings for you. Say on!

Cap. (*pocketing money*) Fust of all I drives the lady all round Kensington Gardings.

Hollow. (*eagerly*) Alone, of course?

Cap. Alone! Not a bit of it. (*significantly*) Some ladies is too nervous to ride in four-wheelers all o' theirselves. (*in a hoarse whisper*) There vos *two* on 'em!

Hollow. (*starting*) *Two* on 'em! Speak! Say—WHO was inside?

Cap. (*knowingly*) This here's werry partikler. (*holding out his hand and playfully twiddling his fingers*) The veels vants greasin'.

Hollow. Aha! I perceive (*aside*) Mercenary brute! (*aloud*) There's another five shillings. (*giving money—eagerly*) Say, *who* was inside?

Cap. (*after looking mysteriously round*) Pig's hair and frog's wool was inside?

Hollow. (*starting violently*) Pig's hair and frog's wool,—the

devil he was ! there's something diabolical in the very combination ! (*vehemently*) Speak ! proceed ! say on ! continue !

Cap. (*continuing*) Vell, your honor, arter drivin' round the gardings ve next proceeds to Saint John's Vood, and then ve pulls up at a hornimental willa, with a peaky pointed roof, in vot they calls the Sviss style o' harchitectur.

Hollow. (*impatiently*) Never mind the style of architecture—go on !

Cap. Well, they enters the willa, and there they stops a precious long time.

Hollow. (*capering with indignation*) The *devil* they did ! I can't stand this any longer ! Manslaughter is at variance with existing regulations, but (*seizing* CAPSIZE *with both hands by the collar and shaking him violently—with terrible emphasis*) I'll take the very first opportunity of utterly demolishing—of totally exterminating pig's hair and frog's wool ! (*wildly*) I will, ha ! ha ! (*rushes toward sofa*, R., *and throws himself upon it*)

Cap. (*struggling violently*) Well, I say don't throttle *me*. (*breaking from him—with blood-thirsty ferocity, aside*) Well he *is* a hexcitable customer. (*aloud*) Vy, you don't mean to say you're making all this fuss just because the gray mare has taken the bit between her teeth and gone down a wrong turnin' ?

Hollow. (*starting up fiercely*) But I don't choose the gray mare *should* go down a wrong turning !

Cap. Vell, you knows it's o' no use hollarin' at *me* ; it ain't *my* fault ! Here's a letter as pig's hair and frog's wool gave me for the good lady.

Hollow. (*convulsively*) A letter for my good lady ! (*rushes at* CAPSIZE *and endeavors to wrest letter from him*)

Cap. (*coolly witholding letter*) No, no ; stop a bit. Fair's fair, you know. You wouldn't deprive a numble cabman of his parkeysites. I hundertook to deliver this here letter to the missus ; (*argumentatively*) vell, the missus vill stand summut, in course, and as soon as I've pocketed the dibs, vy you can take the letter away agin ! And now that Joseph Capsize has told your honor heverythink, (*slily, holding out his hand*) perhaps your honor von't mind springing another trifle for the wallyable information.

Hollow. (*aside, alarmed*) This fellow will strip me to my cork soles ; (*bitterly*) but I must humor him : I may require his assistance, (*giving money*) There's another crown ! (*solemnly*) Joseph Capsize, you'll stand by me ?

Cap. (*joyfully pocketing money*) Stand by yer ! ! (*resolutely*) I von't never leave yer ! ! !

Hollow. (*melodramatically*) 'Tis well ! (*looking off*) Hush, the traitress comes ! We must not be seen together. Comrade ! we understand each other !

Cap. (*endeavoring to imitate* HOLLOWAY'S *manner*) We *does!*

Hollow. (*pantomiming sword-thrusts, &c.*) Something desperate must be done! (*passing hand across his throat—with a fiendish laugh*) Ha! ha!

Cap. (*very much surprised, but grotesquely imitating* HOLLOWAY'S *gestures*) It must. Ho! ho!

Hollow. (*mysteriously*) Hush! not a word. We are agreed. Ha! ha!

Exit, R. 2 E., *making mysterious signals to* CAPSIZE.

Cap. (*alone—puzzled*) Vell, he *is* a heccentric customer. Vot's he always a-ha-ha-ing and a-ho-ho-ing for?

Enter CLARA, *followed by* MILLY, *carrying coffee-pot, &c., on small tray,* R. 1 E.

Clara. (*imagining she's addressing her husband*) Now, love, here's some hot coffee for you.

Cap. (*surprised*) You're really werry kind, ma'am,

Clara. (*looking up and perceiving* CAPSIZE) This fellow here still!

Milly. (*aside*) It's like his himpudence—that it is!

Cap. I've got summut for you, mum. (*flourishing letter mysteriously to and fro—in a hoarse whisper*) A billy doo, from you know who!

Clara. (*surprised*) A "billy doo!" (*suddenly remembering*) Oh, yes. Give it me.

Cap. (*extending his hand and playfully twiddling his fingers*) But you see, mum, the postage ain't paid yet.

Clara. (*understanding*) Oh, I see. There's half-a-crown. (*giving money and taking letter*)

Cap. (*aside*) Half-a-crown! (*pocketing money*) She don't fork out like the guv'nor. But ladies is naturally savin'.

Milly. (L. *of table, watching her mistress reading*) Well! I never! If missus ain't a-receiving three cornered letters on the sly, unbeknown to master. Here's pretty goings on!

Clara. (*reading*) "All is now quite ready. Come over at once. It is better that your husband should still remain in the dark." (*aloud*) Yes, I had better go. Another visit and all will be arranged. (*to* CAPSIZE *hastily*) Drive me with all possible speed to St. John's Wood.

Cap. (*surprised*) The hornimental willa?

Clara. (*hastily*) Wait for me below. I will dress and rejoin you immediately. Come, Milly.

Milly. (*following her mistress*) It's a-getting mysteruser and mysteruser. **Exeunt** CLARA *and* MILLY, R. 1. E.

Cap. (*joyfully*) The hornimental willa again! Another fare.

Bobby, my boy, things *is* a-looking up this mornin', and no mistake!

Enter HOLLOWAY, *rushing in tragically*, R. 2. E.

Hollow. (*eagerly*) I've heard all! She's off again. Quick, take that coat off and give it me!

Cap. (*intensely surprised*) Yer vants my coat?

Hollow. (*wildly*) Coat, badge, hat, whip, cab, horse—everything!

Cap. (*astounded*) What! Bobby and all.

Hollow. Yes, Bobby and all. Here's a sovereign! (*gives money*)

Cap. (*starting with delight*) A sovereign! Forty mile o' cab fare earned in a twinklin'! (*hastily pulling off coat*) But what am *I* to put on?

Hollow. (*pulling off morning gown*) Here, put on this. (*hastily puts on* CAPSIZE'S *coat, in which he presents a most ludicrous appearance;* CAPSIZE *meanwhile pops on blue velvet jacket*) Now, then, your hat and whip! (*puts on hat and snatches whip*) My wife has evidently got another appointment—a secret assignation! (*with increasing sarcasm*) Ha! ha! This is *very* sensational! I've lately waded through three entire circulating libraries, but I've found nothing to come up to this. (*with tremendous intensity*) I, Udolpho Manfred Holloway, disguised as a plebeian cabman, will drive my wife to the appointed spot, and then—Ha! ha! (*in the height of his agitation begins slashing* CAPSIZE *furiously with whip*)

Cap. (*capering about in blue velvet jacket—roaring*) Halloa! What are you about? *I* aint pig's hair and frog's wool.

Hollow. (*abruptly*) Beg pardon! I was carried away by the warmth of an over-vivid imagination.

Cap. (*rubbing his arms—aside*) By Jingo, I don't feel altogether comfortable with this here governor—he's such a rumbustical sort of a chap.

Hollow. (*fiercely*) Meanwhile do you stay here, Joseph—don't budge till my return, Joseph—I leave you the run of the pantry, Joseph—eat, drink, stuff, cram, Joseph! (*roaring*) Do you *hear*, Joseph?

Cap. (*astounded*) Well, I *am*——

Hollow. (*continuing vehemently*) You've rendered me a service, Joseph! I approve of you, Joseph! I adopt you, Joseph! (*with a burst of feeling*) Come to my arms, Joseph!

Cap. (*aside, struggling in Holloway's arms, utterly overcome by the honor conferred upon him*) Hob and nob with a reg'lar gen'lman! here's a leg up!

Hollow. (*putting on* CAPSIZE'S *wide awake, which is much too big for him, and comes right over his eyes*) and now for the

scene of action. Ha ! ha ! my vengeance shall be startling, ferocious, implacable ! (*slashes* CAPSIZE *with whip as before*)

Cap. (*dodging about alarmed*) Vy, he's at it agin. (*roaring*) Halloa ! I say, stow it, vil yer !

Hollow. (*abruptly*) Beg pardon, my over vivid imagination again mistook —— (*looking off*) Aha ! the traitress comes ! Quick ! conceal yourself ; and now (*with wild intensity*) for the ornamental villa—ha ! ha ! **Exit**, *wildly*, L. I. E.

Cap. (*alone, rubbing his arm*) I hope his over wivid imagination won't mistake any more. I don't relish the flavor o' my own vhipcord at all. (*running to window and calling after him*) I say, don't you go lathering Bobby, you know ; he vunce vun a cup ! Halloa, here comes the missus—I'll just step behind that there screen.

Enter CLARA, R. I. E., *bonnet, shawl, &c., followed by* MILLY.

Clara. Mind now, not a word to my husband. If he asks where I am gone tell him you haven't the slightest idea.

Milly. All right, mum ; nobody never gets nothink out o' me. (*running to window*) Cabby's on his box. He's a stampin' his feet and a crackin' his whip, with all his might !

Clara. I hasten down at once.

Milly. I'll come and see you safe in, mum. (*aside*) I'd give a week's wages to know where she's off to !

Exeunt CLARA *and* MILLY, L. I. E.

Cap. (*coming from behind screen*) They're off. Well, this is a rum start ! Here am I in a genl'man's house, togged out in the gen'lman's own clothes with a hunlimited run o' the gen'lman's cupboard—and there goes the gen'lman hisself on my box seat, a handlin' o' my reins and a flourishing o' my whip ! (*approaching table*) Howsomever, the mornin' air has guv me a wigorous happetite, the next thing is to see arter a little provender ! (*sitting down* R. *of table and pouring out coffee*) I'll try a cup o' coffee and a ham sandvitch. (*drinks*) Prime beverage this—wery superior to the mokey I gets at the early breakfast stall at vun penny per pint. (*eats and drinks voraciously*)

Re-enter MILLY, L. I E.

Milly. (*not seeing* CAPSIZE) Well, I can't make out what missus is up to——(*suddenly catching sight of* CAPSIZE *and turning on a shrill scream*) A—a—a—h !

Cap. (*with his mouth full*) Now then, young woman, what's the matter with *you*? Ain't you never seed a genl'man at breakfast afore ?

Milly. (*in increasing amazement*) Well, I declare if it ain't conjurin'! He's just gone off on his own box, and I finds him here a devourin' our purvisions, and in master's jacket too.

(*convinced*) He's what they calls a *wision*—I *knows* he is ! (*screaming*) A—a—a—h !

Cap. (*getting up*) Hold your noise will you. I *ain't* a wision (*eating voraciously*) I'm a *gobblin'*.

Milly. (*more and more alarmed*) He says he's a gobblin ! (*screams*) A—a—a—h !

Cap. Leave off screeching, will yer ; it's all right. I'm a friend of the governor's.

Milly. (*surprised*) You a friend of the governor's !

Cap. Yes. I'm his *Joseph*—he's *adopted* me ! He's left me in possession like. I'm to have everythink I rekvires, and a pinch or two over.

Milly. (*astounded*) Well, I never ! (*struck by a sudden idea, in a tone of profound conviction*) Why, then, it's *master* that's a driving !

Cap. You've just hit it, young woman, it *is* master ! The missus seems doing it up raythe brown, doesn't she ? (*suddenly catching sight of decanters on sideboard*) I say, what have you got in them cut glass bottles, yonder ? (*throws himself back in chair*) Just hand 'em here will you ?

Milly. (*contemptuously*) Shan't !

Cap. (*rising*) Shan't !

Milly. I ain't agoing to vait on a hupstart cabman !

Cap. (*impressively*) The guv'nor said as how you vas to obey my orders in the minootest partikler. (*raising his voice*) And I horders yer to fetch them cut glass bottles ! (*roaring*) Do you hear ?

Milly. (*alarmed*) Well, I'm a fetching on 'em, ain't I ? (*fetches decanters and glasses from sideboard, and places them on breakfast table*) Well, things *is* come to a pretty pass !

Cap. (*satisfied*) Ah, that's more like it ! (*aside*) She's a nice looking young party now I comes to look at her ! (*aloud*) Young woman ! (*filling himself a glass of sherry*) Joe Capsize looks towards you, and at the same time sends you his respectful compliments !

Milly. (*contemptuously*) Then Joe Capsize may keep his compliments to himself, for they ain't worth taking in ! (*sits down*, L. *of table*)

Cap. (*aside—admiringly*) Oh, ain't she *down* upon yer naythe ! Now I come to look at her she is a *werry* good lookin' young party ! (*aloud, passing decanter*) I say, young woman, let's be sociable ; help yourself, and pass the bottle !

Milly. (*pours out glass of sherry—aside, pleased*) There's something undeniable pleasin' in his manners——

Cap. Ah, that's more like it ! I say, young woman, this must be a tidy sort of a place. (*insinuatingly*) Got anything in the savings bank, eh ?

Milly. (*complacently*) Well, Mr. Cabman, p'raps I *are* got a little summat.

Cap. (*aside*) Good looking, and summat in the savings bank —the wery creetur o' my dreams! I'm tired o' drivin' up and down the vurld in single blessedness, and a vun 'oss wehicle. I'll just pitch it strong in this here kee-varter! (*aloud*) I say, young woman, at what o'clock do you step out o' hevenin's to fetch the family beer!

Milly. (*coquettishly*) That ain't no business o' yourn, Mr. Himperence.

Cap. I axes the question with a view to paying yer my respectful addresses! (*edges his chair near to* MILLY)

Milly. (*aside*) There certainly is somethink *very* faskinating about him.

Cap. (*drawing his chair close to* MILLY, *insinuatingly*) I say now couldn't you accommodate us with a kiss! (*puts arm round her waist, and kisses her*)

Milly. (*screaming*) Ah—adone! (*aside, pleased*) Oh, ain't he owdacious! (*violent ring heard at bell,* L.—*starting up*) Goodness gracious, that's missus's bell—drat it, she might ha' stopped out a little longer. *Runs off,* L. I E.

Cap. (*rising*) Vot a precious bore just as things was agoing so comfortable. Holloa! (*looking off*) Here comes the missus —I must make myself scarce agin! (*steps behind screen*)

Enter CLARA, L. I E., *in evident alarm, followed by* MILLY.

Clara. I do believe that cabman has gone stark staring raving mad.

Milly. Why, what's the matter now, m'am?

(CAPSIZE *gets on chair, peeps over screen, and unseen by* CLARA, *listens to what is going on*)

Clara. (*in great excitement*) After driving me at break-neck speed through the streets, jolting against every conveyance we met, and alarming the foot passengers by his reckless behavior, a terrific crash suddenly ensues—we had come in contact with an enormous wagon!

Cap. (*aside—his head peeping over screen*) Eh?

Milly. (*clasping her hands*) Oh, gracious!

Clara. (*continuing*) The police hasten up, and the cabman and the four-wheeler are hurried off to the station house, horse and all!

Cap. (*who has been listening with breathless interest, throws down screen with loud crash, jumps off chair, and rushes violently forward, exclaiming*) To the station house!

Clara(*screaming*) A-a-a-ah! Why, there he is!

Cap. (*excited*) Did you say Bobby was took to the station house.

Clara. (*bewildered*) Incomprehensible being! Why, I left you not five minutes ago struggling in the hands of the police. (*alarmed*) But my husband is in his study—I will insist upon his interfering.

Cap. Your husband! (*vexed*) If my Bobby's gone to the station house, it strikes me your husband's gone along with him!

Clara. (*bewildered*) What does the fellow mean? (*alarmed*) Tell me, tell me, where is my husband?

Cap. Vell, mum, if all you say is correct, he's what they call—in choker! (*imitating turning of key in lock*)

Clara. (*overcome—aside*) My husband in prison! Oh, where, where! I will fly to him instantly. (*approaching door*)

Cap. (*stepping between* CLARA *and door*) No, you don't; the guv'nor wouldn't approve on it.

Clara. (*indignantly*) What means this insolence? (*calling loudly*) Here, Milly!

Cap. (*majestically*) Milly, just hockipy yourself with 'ousehold dooties for a moment. I must have another private hinterview with the missus!

Clara. (*vehemently*) Milly, obey your mistress!

Cap. Milly, obey your Joseph!

Milly, Please, mum, if you've no objection, (*slily playing with her apron*) I'll obey my Joseph. (*aside—going*) One can always get a place, but one can't always get a husband, so I obeys my Joseph! **Exit**, L.

Clara. (*rubbing her eyes*) Am I really awake, or am I walking in my sleep? (*contemplating* CAPSIZE) How is it I find you here enveloped in my husband's garments?

Cap. (*knowingly*) For the same reason that your husband was a-driving my cab enweloped in my waterproof!

Clara. (*struck by a sudden idea*) Ah, I see it all. He evidently suspects——

Cap. (*knowingly*) I should *raythe*r think he did. And when he comes back— (*impressively*) Now, mind, I don't wish to cause you no unnecessary uneasiness, but you've heard o' Bluebeard? (*passes his hand across his throat*) Cr-r-r-k. (*ties an imaginary knot under left ear, in grotesque imitation of hanging*) Cou—ic! That's what's in store for *you*, I can tell you!

Clara. (*alarmed—half crying*) Oh, this is too much! I'll leave the house—I'll take refuge at my uncle's. (*abruptly*) Here, take this purse, (*producing purse*) and let me go!

Cap. (*starts, astounded*) A purse!

Clara. (*placing herself at writing-desk and writing hurriedly*) I will just write a few lines to my husband and quit this place forever.

Cap. (*examining purse*) A five-pun' flimsy! it is, by Jingo! (*completely altering his manner*) Oh, *this* bangs the guv'nor all

to shivers ! I'm all for the *ladies* agin. I'm sorry for the guv'nor, but why didn't he give me more ? (*crossing to door*, L. 1 E.) Here you are, missus ! There ain't no resisting lovely woman. Mum's my maxim, and a drop o' the right sort's my sentiments—so step it at vunce, vile I looks the t'other way.

Clara. (*who has meanwhile hastily written and folded up letter*) Give this to my husband when he returns—tell him that all is over between us—that I leave his house forever.

Cap. I'll tell him, ma'm. (*aside*) It will just about suit the guv'nor's book, I fancy.

Milly. (*at window*) Oh, please, mum, here's master come back again !

Clara. (*hurriedly*) Ah ! he must not find me here.

Milly. Quick, ma'm, down the back garden, and through the little gate—I'll come and open it for you !

Clara. (*at door*) That my husband should have dared to suspect me ! Oh, 'tis horrible—atrocious ! **Exit**, L. 2 E.

Cap. (*hastily stopping* MILLY *as she is about to follow her mistress*) Gammon her to leave you summat !

Milly. (*eagerly*) Her welwet mantilla and last new bonnet !

Cap. (*hastily*) Ah ! and a pair or two of kid boots, with military heels.

Milly. (*hastily*) All right—leave it to me !

Exit *after* CLARA, L. 2 E.

Cap. (*rubbing his hands, and singing*) Tol-di-rol-de-riddle-rol ! Things continues on the rise—I'm on the high road to fortin ! (*looking round*) Vell, vere's the guv'nor ! (*looking out of window*) Halloa ! why, there's Bobby, four-vheeler, and all ; vy, the poor animal's all of a lather !

Enter HOLLOWAY, *rushing in, in a state of terrific excitement, wearing Capsize's coat, wide-awake, &c.*, L. 1 E.

Holloway. (*wildly—whip in hand*) I'm out on bail ! the miscreants arrested me for furious driving !

Cap. (*eagerly*) But vot have yer diskivered ?

Hollow. Listen ! profiting by the confusion, my wife escaped, but the moment I had burst my bonds, at it I went again—I drove frantically to the ornamental villa !

Cap. (*suggestively*) In the Sviss style o' harchitectur.

Hollow. (*impatiently*) Never mind the style of architecture. (*continuing*) I found nobody there but a deaf old charwoman. I enter the parlor—what should I perceive but this identical smoking cap on the table, (*producing cap from pocket*) with this note addressed to Mrs. Clara Holloway ! (*reading*) "Since I wrote this morning, I have been suddenly summoned to the country, but all is now ready ; accept my offering as a slight token of the sincere affection I have ever felt for you." (*speaking*

bitterly) That's pleasant, isn't it? (*reading*) "Many thanks for the smoking cap—it isn't quite big enough—oblige me by letting it out a little." (*mechanically putting on smoking cap, and flattening it down on his head*) Now, what do you say to that?

Cap. (*mechanically taking up wide-awake which* HOLLOWAY *has laid on table, and putting it on in imitation of* HOLLOWAY) Say, vy I say it's haddin' insult to hinjury. (*aside*) It's as well to keep the pot bilin'. (*aloud, mysteriously*) But, I say, governor, I've been at vurk for you!

Hollow. (*eagerly*) You have—ha, ha! Say on—my trusty charioteer, say on!

Cap. (*slily holding out his hand*) Mum's my maxim, and a drop o' the right sort's my sentiments!

Hollow. (*alarmed*) Mysterious individual, what do you want now?

Cap. (*facetiously twiddling his fingers*) A hall himportant revelation is a-coming! (*imitating mountebank balancing pole*) Vun halfpenny more, and hup goes the hanimal!

Hollow. (*alarmed*) The fellow's a positive vampire! (*imploringly*) Do you, peradventure, require my boots—my necktie—my india-rubber braces!

Cap. No! my hexpectations is moderate! (*with extreme playfulness*) I vants a vatch!

Hollow. (*starting indignantly*) You vants a vatch!

Cap. (*holding out his hand*) I rekvires a ticker—hand over your chronometer, and I'll tell you summut as vill make yer spin round and round with joy and satisfaction!

Hollow. (*aside—surprised—convinced*) He must have made some most important discovery—this suspense is unendurable. (*giving watch*) There, take it, but tell me *all*—do you hear? *All!*

Cap. (*aside—pocketing watch*) That's the time o' day! (*mysteriously*) Vell, then, I've got rid of her for you!

Hollow. (*starting*) Got rid of whom?

Cap. (*continuing mysteriously*) The missus!

Hollow. Got rid of my wife!

Cap. (*impressively*) For good and all. She won't never come back no more. Here's a letter she left for you. I dare say it's her *vill.*

Hollow. (*snatching letter—reading hastily*) "Sir, all is over between us. You have mortally offended me." (*laughing bitterly*) Ha! ha! *I've* offended *her.* Come, that's a good joke, that is. (*reading*) "But before leaving I owe you a full explanation. My uncle Tomkins"—(*speaking surprised*) Eh! didn't know she had an uncle Tomkins—(*reading*) "has returned from India with a large fortune. Desirous of making you at once a handsome

present and an agreeable surprise he lately purchased at St. John's-wood an ornamental villa."

Cap. (*interrupting*) In the Sviss style of architecture.

Hollow. (*roaring*) The devil take the style of architecture. (*overcome*) Then it was *only* an uncle! Good gracious! then I *have* been and gone and done it. (*falls into arm-chair*)

Cap. (*altering manner*) You *have*, and no mistake! I wouldn't be in *your* shoes for a trifle. (*aside*) The gray mare will vin the race, I can see!

Hollow. (*imploringly*) But how was *I* to know it was an uncle?

Cap. (*majestically*) Yer ought to ha' *guessed* it!

Hollow. (*suddenly recollecting*) But where's my wife? my innocent, much-wronged Clara?

Cap. (*pathetically*) Clara's gone. Clara won't never come back no more. (*throwing himself comfortably into chair*) It ain't to be expected!

Hollow. (*roaring wildly*) Wretch! what have you done with her?

Cap. Halloa! (*springs bolt off chair in alarm*)

Hollow. (*continuing bitterly*) Ah! it serves me right for ever making a confident of a low-born stableman!

Cap. (*indignantly*) Stableman! Now don't get calling names, you know.

Hollow. (*frantic*) Give me back my money! Restore me my watch!

Cap. Not if I knows it. (*with tremendous dignity*) It serves yer right for suspecting a hinnocent, hunoffending female.

Hollow. (*wildly*) Ha, ha! taunted by the very instrument of my barbarity! Scoundrel! take that! (*pitches into* CAPSIZE *with whip*)

Cap. (*running away*) Holloa! (*shouting*) Here, I say. He's a-bilin' over again—murder!

Enter MILLY, *running*, L. 2 E.

Milly. (*rushing wildly between them*) Oh, sir, spare my husband what is to be!

Hollow. (*furious*) Spare him! Never! Revenge! Ha! ha! (*rushes after* CAPSIZE; *in so doing runs against arm-chair, which falls over;* CAPSIZE *runs round table shouting* "Murder!" *hotly pursued by* HOLLOWAY, *roaring*) Revenge! revenge! Ha! ha!

Milly. (*wildly*) Oh! gracious goodness! he's a man-slaughterin' o' my Joseph! (*screams*) A—a—a—ah!

Cap. (*rushing to* MILLY *and taking shelter behind her*) Here, Milly, keep him off, will yer; he's out of his mind.

Hollow. (*brandishing whip aud roaring*) Where's my wife?

Enter, *during last words*, CLARA, L. 2 E.

Hollow. (*suddenly perceiving her*) Why, there she is! *throws away whip; in crossing to* CLARA *he runs violently against table, which upsets with all the breakfast things—loud crash*)

Cap. (*shouting*) There goes the s'perior mokey!

Hollow. (*throws himself on his knees before* CLARA) Pity—pardon—excuse—forgive! It was all a mistake!

Clara. (*scarcely able to refrain from laughing*) It's lucky for you, sir, the garden gate was locked!

Hollow. Locked! (*aside*) True; I've got the key in my pocket.

Clara. (*continuing*) Had it not been for this fortunate impediment I should have been already far hence. As it is, sir, concealed behind yonder door, I have been an unseen spectator of your repentance. Rise, sir; I forgive you!

Hollow. (*half blubbering*) But why didn't you tell me it was an *uncle?*

Clara. Because at the time of our marriage my uncle had been compelled by a series of mercantile disasters to leave the country——

Cap. (*interrupting illustratively*) Vot they calls, "under a cloud!"

Clara. (*continuing*) But a brilliantly successful speculation has restored him to his original position in society, and his presentation of the villa, and introduction to yourself, were to have taken place on one and the same auspicious occasion!

Hollow. (*angrily*) Ass that I am! I've been mixing up fact and fiction, romance and reality! I'll give up the "sensational" and stick to Martin Tupper!

Cap, (*patronizingly, to* CLARA) But it's all right; he won't never do it no more. *I'll* be responsible for him.

Hollow. You——(*suddenly remembering*) perhaps you'll return me my property—(*they exchange coats again—each putting on his own*).

Clara. Nay let him keep the watch—you deserve to forfeit something, sir, for suspecting your affectionate wife. (*taking her husband's arm*) To morrow we'll call on Uncle Tomkins, with the smoking cap.

Milly. (*slily*) Please, mum, does it stand good about the welwet mantilla and other harticles?

Clara. Of course. (*laughing*) This happy reconciliation must not prejudice the promise I made you.

Cap. (*to* MILLY) Then all's vell that ends vell! I've drove 'em right after all! (*to* MILLY) I'll vistle a popular air outside the area gate this evening;—and, I say, ladies and gentl'men, (*to*

audience) if ever you vants a fast vun 'oss wehicle, ekal to a *bruffem* (brougham), vith a confidential driver, vot never says nothink to nobody, and always refuses anythink *over* his fare, vy, don't forget Joe Capsize, No. 93. (*playfully*) You'll give us a turn, now and then? I'll take you safe, sound, and satisfactory, and shall alvays "set you down" as the most wallyable harticles Joe Capsize ever "found" in his "FOUR-WHEELER!"

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